

# Good Morning 246

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## PLEASE MISS!

Declares  
Richard Keverne

THERE is precious little choice of drinks to be had at your local pub to-day. Bitter, mild; stout, sometimes; dark or light in bottles, and that's about the lot.

Spirits—well, now and then, if you're lucky and rich enough to buy them. But the other drinks, Old and the strong ales, so good on a cold day, have disappeared for the duration, and I wonder sometimes if they'll come back.

For fashion in drinking changes so much. A man gets used to a certain kind of drink and generally sticks to it. Our grandfathers liked variety.

At the present time, so landlords tell me, the taste is for bottled beers. Our grandfathers wouldn't look at them. They liked their beer drawn from the wood into pewter mugs.

There's another change in taste: pewter is unpopular now. The average customer doesn't like it; he wants to see what he's drinking and will have glass.

For my part, I hold by my grandfather's preference. I think draught beer tastes twice as good out of pewter, but I seldom get it. The landlords are selling their old pewter mugs for antiques.

Sometimes, in an old-fashioned country inn you get a flash-back to the old-fashioned tastes. Maybe, on a shelf behind the bar you see a row of those old earthenware jars decorated in green or red, with labels in gilt letters.

They probably haven't been used for years. But you read the gilt letters—Rum, Whisky, Brandy, Gin, and, occasionally, Shrub.

What was Shrub? You wouldn't get it to-day if you asked for it; the odds are the landlord wouldn't have heard of Shrub. But not so very long ago, certainly when most of our grandfathers were young men, Shrub was a popular drink.

**GRANDMOTHER'S RUIN.** It was made of rum, sometimes of other spirits, but rum shrub was the favourite, flavoured with the juice of lemons, currants and raspberries. It was rather flavoured by our grandmothers on a cold day.

I have tasted it. You can take it from me, our grandmothers knew what they were about.

Then there was Mumm and Spruce. I can remember seeing faded signs in country inns advertising these forgotten drinks.

They were strong ales brewed from wheat malt instead of barley, with a certain amount of oatmeal and ground beans mixed in and flavoured with herbs. Spruce or spruce beer was flavoured with the young shoots of that tree. They were introduced from Germany, and Danzig Spruce was counted a mighty potent drink.

Stout is still with us, though Porter, its ancestor, seems to be fading out. Stout is strong Porter, and Porter has an interesting history.

It was introduced about a couple of hundred years ago, and was first known as "Entire," a name still to be seen in some inns.

It was a combination of three kinds of beer, drawn from one cask instead of from three, just as though they mixed your mild and bitter to-day in one cask and drew it direct for you.

**PORTERS' TIP.** It was found to be a very strengthening drink, and was

much tipped by porters and others who did heavy labour. Hence its name.

In the old days they liked fancy names for their beer, generally to suggest strength.

We still have, or used to have, Barley Wine and Stingo and other picturesque names for strong ales—and we have our own private names for bad beer, too.

But our grandfathers used to call the strong stuff Humming Ale, and Dragon's Milk, Huff Cup, Dagger Ale, Norfolk Nog, and Merry-go-down.

Among the politer names for the bad stuff was Rot Stocking, Starve Gut, and Broken Beer.

They were particular, too, the old boys, about the temperature of their beer, a thing to which many a modern publican might well give a little more attention. They knew that English beer doesn't want to be too cold or it loses its flavour. And they knew that in cold weather warmed beer went down particularly well.

That is why sometimes to-day you may see knocking about an old inn or hung neglected on a nail at the back of the bar a cone-shaped vessel of copper, tinned inside, with a handle.

That is an ale-warmer. You poured your drink into it, stuck it in the ashes of the tap-room fire, brought it to the temperature you fancied, poured it back into your mug, and drank.

We couldn't teach the old brigade much about good beer. They knew what they liked—and they got it.

# NATURE'S BACK ON REAL JOB TO-DAY

HERR SCHMIDT, a Swiss chemist, has invented a food-substitute perfume. Restaurant customers take one sniff, pay up, and go their way, thinking they've had a good meal. A tall one? Maybe. But one can believe almost anything of ersatz, for human ingenuity is a wizard force when men are really hard-pressed.

Old tea-leaves are treated for re-use—a thing natives of India and China have done for centuries. The ladies, bless 'em, cannot do without cosmetics, now in very short supply. But what matter? To women's joy, it has been found that from fruit stones, crushed fine, good face powder can be made.

Methane gas—its power values substantially higher than those of coal gas—is being produced from sewage.

The plain fact is that every inhabitant of a town from which sewage is gathered can, by his own normal activities, produce one basic cubic foot of gas per day.

From a town of 10,000 people, therefore, the yield would be 10,000 cubic feet, or 416 feet an hour. Already the methane product is augmenting gas supplies for lighting and heating.

Even a gas engine will run on the stuff, since it will generate one horse-power per 20 feet, or nearly 21 h.p. continuously. Croydon's Borough Engineer is one of many district officials who run their cars on this by-product of the town's sewage farms, eliminating all petrol worries.

**SURGICAL SEAWEED.** Plants which most of us thought were useless weeds are

now supplying vital commodities.

Following a Ministry of Supply survey by motor-cruisers equipped with special grapnels and microscopes, samples of some 300 types of seaweed around Britain's coasts and islands were examined and their uses classified.

Valuable data were supplied by coastguards and fishermen of the quantities washed up in all seasons and cast ashore during heavy storms.

Now, in special extracting factories, harvests of thousands of tons of the familiar wrack are providing valuable salts and chemicals to replace those formerly imported—iodine, adhesive plasters, isinglass, potash, culture media for bacteria.

Other treatments are producing imitation leather and rubber, upholstery, roofing, matting. Even in its natural state seaweed serves well as a rubber substitute.

Lacking rubber tubes, fishermen constantly use devil's apron, a type with a long, hollow stem, to siphon petrol from supply tanks to cans.

Certain seaweeds will even—at a pinch—make palatable

foods. Investigators learned this from thrifty Scots island housewives. Often, their homes storm-bound, they turn out passable vegetarian dishes from dulse, laver, carrageen, and other varieties of the beneficent seaweed.

One of the layers even provides a substitute bread. Another, mashed up like spinach and fried with bacon, is very popular in Wales.

Clothing is a province where the ingenuity of woman is a household word.

Since coupons put half the silk stockings back on the shop shelves, women have taken to using their own hair to make "invisible mends" in old stocks. It's the best repair dodge ever; their grandmothers did it, but in the hectic interval this had been forgotten.

Besides sea-wrack, there are—believe it or not—200 more weeds in Britain's hedges, forests and meadows which, if necessary, would do duty alone as foods.

Many already add substance

By John Fleetwood

to an otherwise meagre meal. Dandelion, hawthorn leaves, bracken and borage, thistle and marrow, will happily still the pangs of hunger.

But it is in ways other than as food that the value of many weeds is so marked. Some have been growing wild for thousands of years, but only now is their usefulness being discovered.

The autumn crocus is the oldest wild flower known. It adorned the temples and banqueting halls of ancient Egypt. As saffron, it is mentioned in the Song of Solomon.

To-day, experiments following the drug shortage have revealed that saffron roots and seeds form a valuable substitute ingredient for preparations for rheumatism.

Dandelions, again, have a high medicinal value. Even more important just now, it has been found that the seeds yield rubber. The Russian species will produce it the same year that the seed is sown.

Sorely-needed rubber is coming, too, from the sap and pods of milkweed, the gardener's bane, which thrives on land too poor even for grass.

The United States are ahead of us in this with 50,000 acres of milkweed specially sown in Michigan State alone to meet the Navy Department's order for a million pounds of it.

Six times lighter than wool, the fibre it makes will be used for the new lifebuoys and life-jackets.

The same weed is already supplying substitute material for pillow and cushion stuffing, for waterproof hats, cloth, building board, plastics, and even explosives.

Cereals and artificial leather are coming from the ordinary pumpkin; paints, in short supply, from common clay. Even the accursed nettle is now a valued war worker. Crops are being specially reared in several districts to help make good the paper shortage.

charge for a "perm." But materials added up to a considerable sum.

Nearly £1½ millions went on pastes and powders, and 500,000 gallons of commercial alcohol were consumed in hair preparations and perfumes.

The average woman who "looked after her face" was estimated to spend 2s. 6d. a week on it, or £6 10s. a year. Many spent a great deal more. Manicures, face massage, perms, hair dyeing and other treatments made it easy for the society woman to spend £250 a year.

In Hollywood, where a woman's face is her fortune, £10 a week was estimated as almost the minimum that an actress with any pretensions to fame could spend. The total expenditure on beauty in the U.S. was estimated at £250,000,000 a year.

Other sums which British women poured into the pockets of manufacturers were £1½ millions a year for face creams, £250,000 for face powder, and £300,000 for bath salts. These sums had steadily risen for some years.

Men were comparatively modest in their expenditure on making themselves presentable, and most of their money went on removing the hair from their faces. They were estimated to spend about £400,000 a year each on shaving soap and talcum powder, and a few millions on razor blades and hair creams.

## Here's one on the House—C/S John Dore

IN the bar at the Palace Theatre, Sheffield, the toast is "John Dore," and the one who drinks to his health with the most fervour is his dark-haired wife, Edna, who is in charge of the bar and dispenses drinks to many of her husband's pals who drop in for a "quick one."

For Chief Stoker John Dore, whose home is at 83 Chippingham Street, Attercliffe, only a stone's throw from the theatre, was recently awarded the D.S.M. for "bravery, skill and efficiency."

And, of course, his wife hopes to go with him to the investiture. It will be her second experience, for John was awarded the O.B.E. in 1941 for outstanding work in submarines.

Aged 43, he joined the Navy when he was 16, and, connected with the submarines since 1921, is officially thought to be the longest-serving "submerger" in the Fleet.

Edna is intensely proud of John, whom she married 13 years ago. Before the war she

travelled to the bases where he was an instructor.

From 1924-7 he was lightweight boxing champion of the China Fleet. She was only 14 when she first met him. She went on a trip with a party, and being good on the piano, she was coerced into playing.

A smart young sailor came up and sang in a pleasing voice "Fair, Fat and Forty." He took a great interest in that pianist, and, in the words of Edna's mother, "Haunted our door when he was on leave to catch sight of Edna."

But their romance progressed despite many partings, and now Edna looks forward to the end of the war, when John will be in civvies.

"I think we should like to keep a pub. I have got used to it now through working in a bar, but I think we shall have to buy a motor-car or something for John. He loves tinkering about with anything mechanical," she says.

Well, John, as you can see from the photo, your wife's well and happy, and all's well.

Her message is:—  
"God bless you, dear. All my love."  
Good Hunting!



## The £.S.D. OF IT BEAUTY

BEFORE the war, British women were estimated to be spending £60,000,000 a year on making themselves beautiful, apart from clothes. To-day, all beauty preparations are on a "quota," and therefore much fewer are being sold. But purchase tax and increased cost has sent the price of them rocketing, and probably women are not spending very much less.

On hairdressing, the biggest single item in almost every woman's beauty budget, they are spending more. Average increase in cost is fifty per cent.

Hairdressing before the war was estimated to have a turnover of £34,000,000 a year; not very much when you remember that there were 250,000 men and women in the hairdressing business and 20,000 beauty parlours.

To-day they all earn a decent wage, but at the time of "cut-throat" competition many worked for less than their unskilled sisters in factories. The highest artists in hair make £1,500 to £2,000 a year.

Wages, "overheads," and the cost of the apparatus represented the greater part of the



# To-day's Brains Trust

A PHILOSOPHER, a Historian, a Traveller, and a Chinese Diplomat discuss the question:—

What is the chief difference between the great philosophers of the West, such as Plato, Aristotle, Berkeley and Kant, and those of the East, such as Confucius and Lao-tse? Did they agree, or are their views fundamentally different?

**Philosopher:** "To start with, the philosophers of the West do not agree among themselves, so it is hardly a pertinent question to ask if they agree with those of the East. Nevertheless, there is one remarkable point of agreement. Philosophy deals, among other things, with the 'values'—beauty, truth, goodness. Though separated in culture for thousands of years, the

philosophers of both East and West have always held the same views as to what the chief values are.

"A good man in ancient China was expected to have the same qualities as a good man in modern Britain. I think this is very remarkable, and is probably evidence of the objective reality of values."

**Historian:** "There have been philosophers, notably in Germany, who have taken an inverted—not to say perverted—view of the values. Nietzsche and Schopenhauer are examples, and so are the modern exponents of Nazism. But the philosophies of such men do not live. They are felt by the overwhelming majority of mankind to be false and bitter. I do not know of any Chinese perversions of this sort, but they are in evidence in the Far East to-day in Japan."

**Diplomat:** "I think the great difference between our ancient Chinese philosophers and those of the West lies in the motive."

The western philosophers have always been most interested in the problems of existence and the nature of things—in what you call metaphysics. But the Chinese have been more concerned with how to live wisely and serenely.

Western philosophers, for example, ask what beauty is; Chinese philosophers ask how we can best appreciate beauty."

**Historian:** "But our western philosophers have also greatly concerned themselves with how to live wisely. Plato's 'Republic' itself is sufficient to refute the charge that we have only been concerned with metaphysics. And, of course, there was

an ancient Chinese metaphysic which is astonishingly like a symbolic account of the discoveries of modern science."

**Diplomat:** "The populations of both Europe and China run into hundreds of millions, and naturally there have been philosophers of both types in each continent. But I was referring to the general tendency. As another illustration of the difference between the Eastern and Western temperaments, let me quote an old Chinese saying, 'It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.' To the Chinese

mind, this is a wise and true saying, but I think the average Western mind would prefer to say, 'As long as you do arrive, it doesn't matter much how you travel.' I think the outlook is fundamentally different."

**Philosopher:** "The western world has certainly set itself to acquire wealth and power, and has made these goods—if they are goods—its chief goal."

But western civilisation has given very little thought to the best ways of using wealth and power. They have used them to destroy one another's countries, and, in peace time, to speed up travel so that they can cross a continent in the time formerly taken to cross the British Isles.

Now the Chinese philosophers seem to me to have devoted their time to this very problem—how best to use what wealth and power they possess. They have realised the futility of trying to get a lot till one first knows what to do with a little."

**Traveller:** "I think that may explain the difference in temperament which every traveller notices between the Chinese and, say, the English. A Chinese in misfortune resorts to philosophy. He takes it, as we say, 'philosophically.' But when an Englishman suffers misfortune, he is inclined to forget his philosophy and seek solace in material things. He simply does not believe that it is possible to be happy in any circumstances, whereas a Chinese holds the reverse view, and refuses to allow that happiness necessarily depends on circumstances at all."

**Diplomat:** "You over-rate, a little, the fortitude of my countrymen, but I think you have distinguished the different trends of the eastern and western minds. Their outlooks differ in the directions you indicate."

**Traveller:** "I heard a story the other day which may well be true. An Englishman, caught in Nazi Germany, is lined up to be shot. He thinks of his country, his family, his religion. He cares nothing for such trivial things as his personal effects. Nothing is farther from his mind than the book he was reading yesterday. A Chinese was recently in the same predicament, but as he stood with his back to the wall, he was reading a book."

"The man next to him nudged him. 'Don't you understand you are going to be shot?' The Chinese looked up for a moment. 'It is more important that I finish the chapter,' was all he said. At the last moment news came through of his reprieve, and he walked slowly away with his eyes still glued to his book."

## QUIZ for today

1. A spontoan is a floating bridge, weapon, piece of architecture, card game, Rabbi's robe?
2. Who wrote (a) A Window in Thrums, (b) From a Cornish Window?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Bridge, Pontoon, Whist, Solitaire, Cribbage?
4. On what river does York stand?
5. How many teeth has a human being?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Encenium, Enfilade, Enfranchise, Endeavour, Encyclopædia?
7. On what musical instrument is it impossible to play a scale?
8. Hitler was born on April 20th, 1869, 1879, 1889, 1899?
9. What does the word "Panzer" mean?
10. When did Big Ben first strike?
11. What is the capital of Tasmania?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Pay through —, (b) Paddle your —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 245

1. Bird.
2. (a) Conrad, (b) Locke.
3. Oak-apple is a gall; others are fruits.
4. One that sheds its leaves in winter.
5. Illampu, in the Andes, 25,250 feet.
6. A native of Cyprus.
7. Dice is the plural of die. ("The die is cast.")
8. Commodore.
9. Four inches.
10. 1876.
11. Quito.
12. (a) Bothered, (b) Nothing.

## JANE



## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



### WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 245: Part of Watch.

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

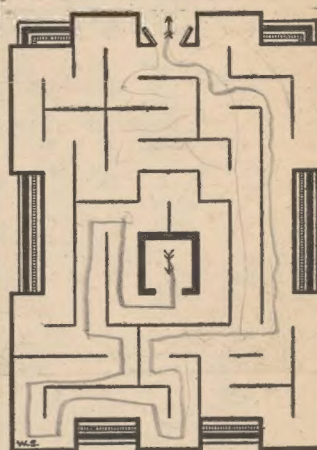
The oldest body of bell-ringers in England is the Ancient Society of College Youths, founded in 1637 to ring the changes at St. Martin's, College Hill. Members are recruited from all classes, and not only from colleges, and they ring peals in all parts of the country.

There are three Hundreds, or county divisions, in the Chilterns. If a Member of Parliament applies for and obtains the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, he automatically disqualifies himself from sitting in the House, since this is an office of profit under the Crown. A Member cannot resign his seat.

There is no real authority for the story of Newton and the apple. Newton's step-niece, Mrs. Conduitt, told it to Voltaire many years after Newton's death, and Voltaire printed it in his "Philosophie de Neuton."

Maybe the quiet and loneliness of prison life are favourable to literary effort. Among the authors who wrote their best work in a prison cell were Sir Walter Raleigh, Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, and Adolf Hitler.

### CASTLE DUNGEON



It is easy to see a way out of this maze on the plan, but if you were actually in the central dungeon, surrounded by high walls, you would find it much more difficult unless you were given a clue. You might be told, for instance, to take alternate right and left turnings, or two lefts and a right. The puzzle is to find the simplest clue which would do, though this would not necessarily provide the shortest way of escape. (Reckon turnings wherever there is a choice of ways.) The answer is given in No. 247.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"The very idea of sending me a threatening letter! Nice way to treat an old customer, I must say!"

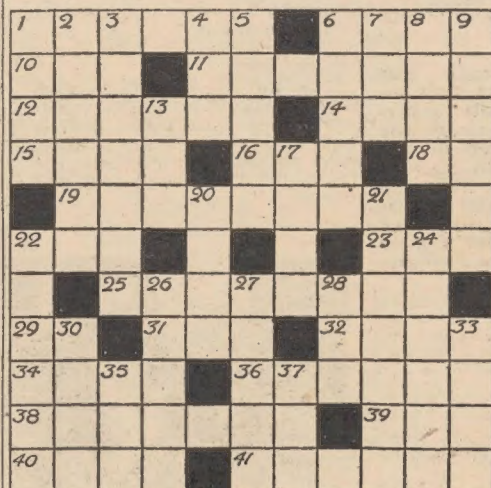
## WANGLING WORDS—201

1. Put foreign water in B...NE and make a wine.
2. Rearrange the letters of OUR BEN EATS and make a seaside resort.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COAL into FIRE, SIRE into FOAL, RIVER into FORDS, HIND into LEGS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PESTILENTIAL?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 200

1. STAGNATION.
2. EINSTEIN.
3. LORD CORD, CORE, COKE, POKE, PUKE, DUKE, LOCK, LOOK, LOON, LOAN, ROAN, ROAR, BOAR, BOOR, DOOR.
4. PLANT, PLANE, PLATE, SLATE, SLATS, SEATS, BEATS, BRATS, BRADS, BRASS, CRASS, CRESS, TRESS, TREES.
5. NUTS, CUTS, COTS, COTE, CONE, BONE, BOLT.
6. Fire, Rife, Cure, Fern, Rice, Rime, Mire, Fume, Reef, Mice, Firm, Mine, Mere, Rune, Free, etc.
7. Fence, Crime, Nicer, Circe, Niece, Curer, Refer, etc.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Beaten.
- 6 Nall.
- 10 Bird.
- 11 Musical run.
- 12 Expanse.
- 14 Indigo.
- 15 Harbour.
- 16 Sticky stuff.
- 18 Thanks.
- 19 Smiled.
- 22 Marshy tract.
- 23 Animal.
- 25 Charming.
- 29 Morning.
- 31 Country of America.
- 32 Again.
- 34 Cocos-beans.
- 36 Leg bandage.
- 38 Sparkle.
- 39 Girl's name.
- 40 Whirl round.
- 41 Consignor.

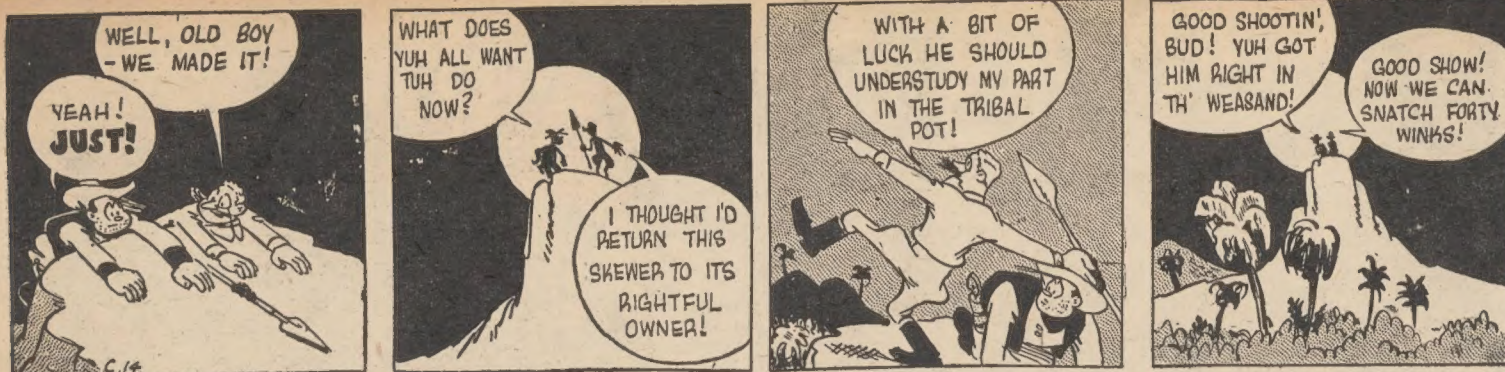
### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 For fear that.
- 2 Lay.
- 3 Winter game.
- 4 Age.
- 5 Zig-zag movement.
- 6 Censure.
- 7 Doubled.
- 8 Mine entrance.
- 9 Hinders.
- 13 Tree.
- 17 Egg.
- 20 Vegetables.
- 21 Scared off.
- 22 Protecting rim.
- 24 Part of coat.
- 26 Impaired by neglect.
- 27 Cloaks.
- 28 Butter.
- 30 Gentle.
- 33 Have on.
- 35 Command.
- 37 Yorkshire-river.

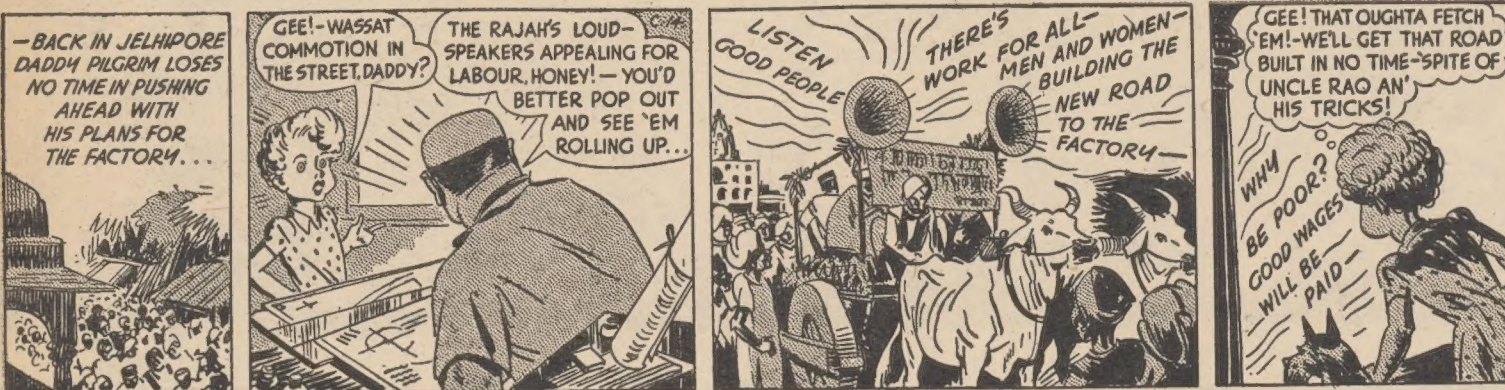
PEACH REBUT  
L PLATEAU H  
ACRID PRIME  
COIN TILLER  
ENLIVEN DAM  
C CANES S  
BED ROSEBUD  
RAISIN NORA  
ELATE EIDER  
W NOTABLE T  
SOAPY BESTS



## BEELZEBUB JONES



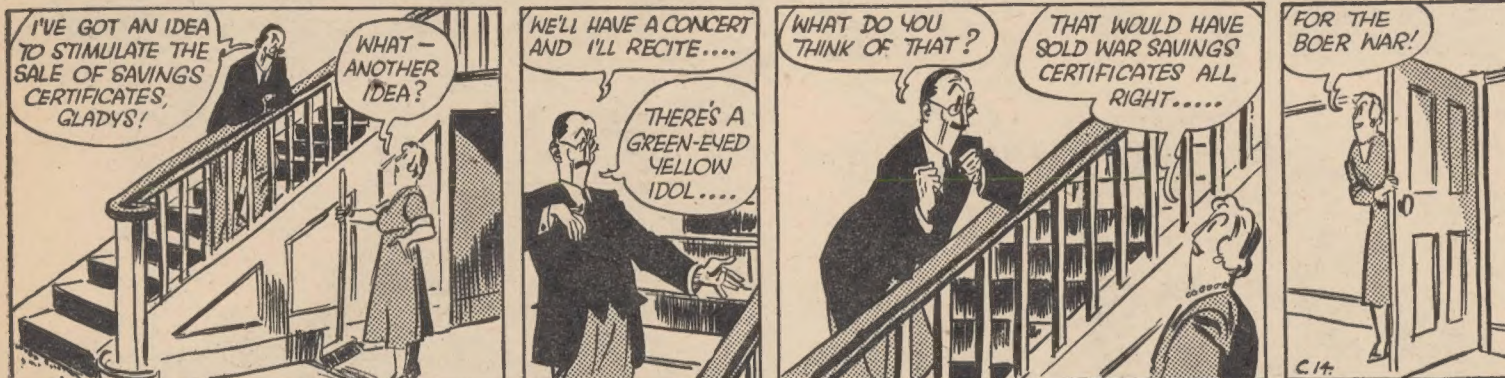
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



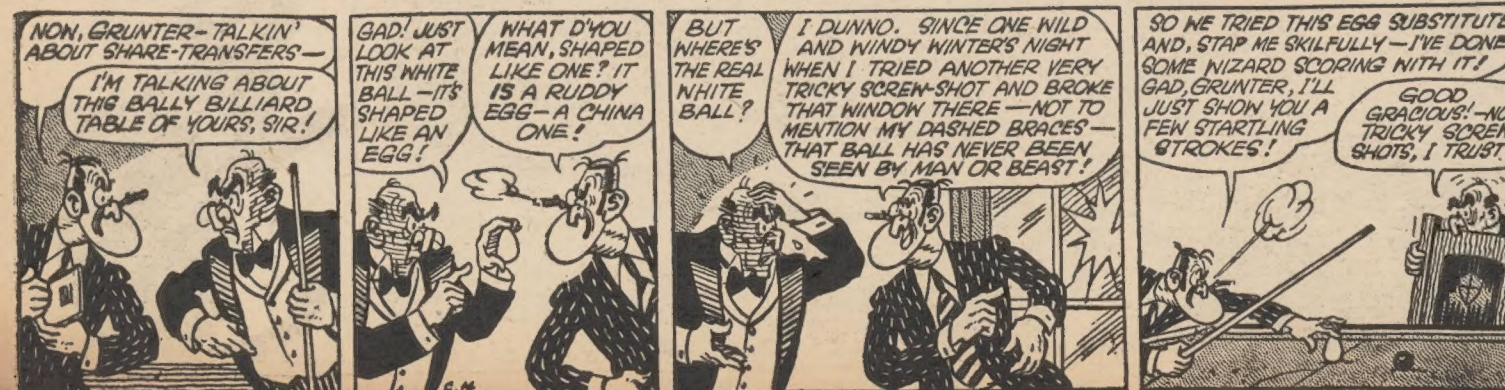
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



IT used always to be R.A.F., now, at long last, SUBMARINES are stealing the limelight in the Press and radio. Seldom does one see a paper, national or provincial that does not include at least one mention of deeds of submarines or submarine commanders. In fact, you are definitely front-page.

Such names as Lieutenants L. A. Jewell, M.B.E., M. F. R. Ainslie, D.S.O., D.S.C., J. R. Drummond, D.S.O., and M. L. G. Crawford, D.S.C., are commonly talked of like Cliff Bastin, Watney's ale, and Mick the Miller pre-war.

FROM a London newspaper I take this caption: "No submarine has been hunted more relentlessly than H.M.S. 'TAKU.' Once, after torpedoing a supply ship, she had to lie for hours on the sea-bed while depth charges rained down. Another time she remained submerged for 36 hours, except for one break of half an hour. She has made a number of 'kills.' The oldest of her crew is 31."

I wonder who told which reporter that?

GLORIOUS tribute to MINE-LAYING SUBMARINES appears in current Portsmouth Naval Chronicle. "Porpoise" and "Rorqual" are prominently mentioned, and the four sister ships, "Cachalot," "Grampus," "Narwhal" and "Seal," now reported to be out of business, are spoken of as being highly successful.

IN announcing the loss of H.M. SUBMARINE "TROOPER," London newspapers revived the story of her captain's (Lieut. J. S. Wraith, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.) first command, when "Upright," made history by sinking a floating dock escorted by three destroyers off the toe of Italy. In the same patrol two large supply ships and a torpedo-boat were also sunk.

I AM surprised that such a sporting guy as TOM CLARKE should revel in the doubtful jokes of Max Miller. As I mentioned once before, I follow Max around the country because I like to watch the stage hands holding the curtain in readiness should the manager decide the innocent audiences shouldn't have a good laugh, but for a guy with a side-board full of sporting trophies the Petty Officer Telegraphist surprises me. One would think such a Spartan would spend his leisure hours golfing or something.

Hope we can have a night out at the Brighton Hippodrome, Tom. Miller's back-stage gags are good.

SOME boat is going to be lucky one day! There is a guy who goes to Watford dogs every week who is the luckiest punter betting. He's about eighteen years of age and is a recruit for submarines. Soon, he tells me, he will be going to sea for the first time. In wishing him all the luck in the world, I am confident that at least one wish a gipsy promised me will come true.

WELCOME home from Germany goes to repatriated LEADING SEAMAN RAY ALWAY, STOKER RIACH, and A.B. JOE COLEMAN. Haven't met the gents yet, but I hear they are all as well as could be expected and looking forward to meeting previous comrades.

By the way, anyone writing to prison camps yet? I hear from good authority that letters would be appreciated more than all else, particularly from men still working. Hows about it?

CONGRATULATIONS to Anne, the wife of Lieut. A. R. Daniell, D.S.C., R.N., on the birth of a son at Rackenford Manor, their Devonshire home. The bouncing baby arrives as the Lieutenant enters his thirteenth year of service in the Royal Navy.

And some folk say thirteen is unlucky!

Ron Richards



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## This England

A nightmare to the motoring novice in peace-time, but a very pleasant sight nowadays. On the way to market at Berkhamsted, Herts.

"If you insist in clamouring for more. Just take a look yourselves. Can't you see there isn't a single drop left?"



"What's good enough for the battery boys is good enough for their mascot. I'm not fussy!"



## A 'TURNER' STUDY

And, to us, Lana Turner looks every bit as fascinating a study by her famous namesake.



There's nothing like "Digging for Victory," especially when you can sit down to it like this young panda.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Even Turner couldn't beat that."

